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In Springtime

I love my mother Earth these days ;
Her touch is warm against my cheek.
I lie my length where sunlight plays
With little breezes hide-and-seek,
And know her strength—and I am weak.

About me in the tender grass
That smoothes itself against my face,
My little fellow-creatures pass.
I watch them from my vantage place
And love them—for my mother's grace.

The air is full of song and sun,
And chill and glow are strangely blent.
I know that winter's toil is done,
I know that all my strength is spent,
My mother smiles—I am content.

Jeannette Bliss Gillespy



Theocritus at Columbia

I.

Satyrane's Complaynt

SOME time ago Morningside had the pleasure of a call from six law students, who, having made a most thorough inspection of the book of "Imaginary Lectures," with their usual courtesy complimented us highly on its contents and then departed, leaving with us the inspiration for the following production, the sole result of their visit.

Emblem of the Sons of Legalia : { "Self-possession is nine points of
the law-student."



SATYRANE : "Woe, woe is me, ah, wretched me,
whom the Gods hate ! Woe——"

Bathos : "Why, Satyrane, do I hear you making
moan at this fair time when now it is spring
upon the quadrangle, when the brick-trimmed meadows are
turning green under the brow of winter, and the tender leaves
of the young poplars in the square plots filled in with red
flowers, an uncertain glistening in the caressing haze. For
spring is upon us, O Satyrane, and many are the signs there-

of. Only yesterday as I climbed the flights of Morningside, no mean task, Satyrane, when the sun is at the zenith—I looked down and saw the whole pleasant countryside that lies under the towering gray rocks that heaven-pointing poplars guard in a long phalanx, and masses of clinging ivies embrace, I saw a bright cloud of yellow bloom bursting the thick green tufts of brush and brake. Now all is green save the yew trees and the freshmen; the forms are rusty with their long exposure through all seasons, but the others bloom more verdant in the autumn, strange to relate, O Satyrane, and springs more fresh in October, before the winter snows. So I ask you, Satyrane, while all is so blithesome and filled with the buxom spirit of this fair season, and while all the shepherds of the Seniors are piping tunefully under the cherry blossoms before the cave of the College, or vying in responsive way upon the steps of the library, the responsive way down to the muses of Barnard, why do you make such mournful dole and such evil playnt before all men?"

Satyrane: "Woe is me, most unhappy me, to whom even the delights you enumerate and in which I once joyed, O Bathos, bring no seasonable pleasure!"

Bathos: "Will you not then tell me, O Satyrane, the cause of thy great grief? Let us seek yonder shady spot in the grove once sacred to Darling, that thou may'st pour forth thy woe into a friendly ear. For sorrow shared, Satyrane, is sorrow half-dispelled."

Satyrane: "As thou wilt, Bathos. Here shall we sit afar off from the life I have come to hate. Yet here, even now, I can see the sons of Stuphen who was the cause of all my complayning."

Bathos: "Who? The son of red-bearded Stuphen and the nymph Legalia, those idle shepherds, who instead of herding their flocks, carry the skins of their seedy sheep

under their arms, and go about carrying trouble and sorrow into the peaceful folds of their neighbors."

Satyrane : " Even so ; it is they whose injuries I lament, and may the waters of the Hudson flow backward into Poughkeepsie until the harbor is dried and the ferries cease to run ; may all the fish in the Harlem rush among the yew trees and poplars of the quadrangle, and the sons of Columbia leave to me often the laughter of Teachers College, before I forget to hold in hatred them who have done me this wrong."

Bathos : " And may these men be diminutive in these heights, and may Spectator whom I love now make me the daily visits she has promised me, if I do not help thee, O Satyrane, to punish them, those loathely ones, of the damsel Legalia whom I too have come to know. But now tell me, Satyrane, the reason for thy grief."

Satyrane : " Only now, as I was tending my goats, and as I lay at ease in the shady grotto of West Hall, six of the sons of red-bearded Stuphen approached me, and asked me to show them the she-goat that is the pride of my flock. Twice daily, Bathos, does she give me enough milk to fill thrice the wooden cup that Daphne gave me, that is carved over with fine devices, and graved both on the outside and within with many verses made by Daphne himself, dear Daphne whom Apollo loves. And I brought forth the goat, thinking no evil. And one said to me : " O Satyrane, we stand sorely in need of refreshment, may we not taste of the milk of this she-goat ? " And then I was fearful, because she belongs to my master, Corydon, who counts every quart. But could I refuse, O Bathos, for they stood about me, six of them to one alone, and they were ready to make much of me and to take what they demanded. So I said naught—for what could I say, Bathos, and they milked my she-goat dry, drinking each of them in turn. And now not another drop can I take from the udder. Nor did

they give me aught of recompense in fair words, but went away laughing among themselves at my discomfort. So will I never cease to cry out against the accursed hand that has wrought me such evil."

Bathos: "Sad is thy misfortune, O Satyrane. But thy fate is the fate of all shepherds in thine pasture. And so must it ever be, for might we as well seek to win victories in the water without shells, ball games without bats, and debates without lusty lungs. O Satyrane, O that we should think to pluck good manners and advantage from those that call Legalia mother."

Satyrane: "It is as you speak, Bathos, and already having told you of my grief I feel lightened, and now let us seek the College Tavern where we may sip cool draughts mixed of bruised mint, and you can sing to me music since you know many songs, *Up Above*, *Maisie*, and *Chapel Steps*. For I love your singing, and the hour is fitting."

Leigh Hunt Chang



COMMENTS

LAST winter the Columbia University Musical Society gave a theatrical entertainment, the proceeds of which, it was generally understood, were to be devoted, in part at least, to the Athletic treasury.

We mention this fact because it seems to have escaped the memory of the Manager of the aforesaid show and we desire to remind him of it. Where is his report? Surely the pressure of his academic studies cannot have prevented him, after more than three months have elapsed, from finding time to compile it. Whatever the reason may be, however, he has not yet deigned to honor the students of Columbia with any information concerning the financial interests placed in his hands. Certainly, not only the Musical Society, but the whole mass of students as well, have a perfect right to be informed of the results of any enterprise so intimately connected with our University as is this annual show. We have waited long for this information but it is not forthcoming. Even those most vitally interested do not know whether the show was a success financially or not. On what possible grounds this state of affairs is allowed to exist we do not know and cannot imagine. It is time, however, it came to a speedy end, and we demand of the Musical Society that it publish the long-awaited report of the Manager at once.

THE negligence, or the contemptuous indifference to the rights of the student-body, whichever it may be, displayed in this matter of the show, is only another instance of the haphazard, irresponsible way in which our interests in almost every line are managed. While the Faculty Committee on Athletics is endeavoring to make unfortunate candidates for golf and football teams alike pass physical examinations before a director who can't be found to give them, and, in spite of the resulting great loss of time, maintain a good standing in their work, any individual possessing the ambition and the assertion is considered eligible to represent the University in positions of authority and responsibility. Why a man should be allowed to pose as a "special," attend lectures when he sees fit—which is none too often—and use the time thus saved from foolish waste to rush into obscurity the unfortunate "regular" striving after his A. B., we do not understand, but such is the case. The athlete is bound by many and various regulations, some good and some absurd, but the managership of a Columbia organization seems to be a present substitute for our future School of Commerce, open to all who desire business training at someone else's expense.

Seriously the prominence in college affairs to which favorable conditions make it so easy for special students to attain, is a great evil which the Faculty should stop. Not only does it put a premium on laziness and induce more and more men every year to join the ranks of the great unemployed specials, but it puts our interests into the hands of men, bound by the slightest of ties to the University, responsible to no one, and quite willing to vanish into outer darkness as soon as their personal vanity is satisfied.

Ask Me No More

Sweet, ask not that which you must surely know
And ask me not if I do love you still
When that I have so often proved it so.
Sweet I implore
Ask me no more, no more.

Hear how the song-bird rapturously flings
From hidden bough its sweet, its throbbing song.
The bird stays hid though you sought all day long
Then do you doubt the wild-bird lives and sings?
Sweet I implore
Ask me no more, no more.

Oh ! make not bitter all the summer day
With seeking for the bird ; the song is here !
Then be content ; give me your lips in fear
Lest song and song-bird both should fade away.
Sweet I implore
Ask me no more, no more.

Our hearts beat high to love's soft melody,
Why then hold back with doubting in your eyes ?
Love hath no doubts ; at question true love dies.

* * * * *

Sweet I implore
Ask me no more, no more.

J. N. R.



Fables by the Way

I

“**T**HERE is but one course open to you,” said Impulse. “You must ignore the thing you were not meant to see.”

“Undoubtedly,” assented the Woman, and she went away. But soon she came again to Impulse, in great agitation.

“I have been talking with Deliberation,” said the Woman, “and she has pointed out to me that if I follow your advice I can never again find much pleasure in a friend whose friendship has meant so much to me. And besides—is it quite fair? Is it quite honest?”

At the word “fair” Impulse started. “Oh, then speak of it!” she cried, “speak of it at all costs! If there is a danger of your misjudging, you must not keep silence.”

But now Worldly Wisdom, who had been standing by, interposed in her cool, evenly-modulated tones, “You foolish children!” she smiled, “have you gone back to the hothead days of your first youth? Do you forget that to admit you saw a thing not meant for your eyes would be in taste little short of execrable?”

The Woman winced. Taste began in the Garden of Eden ; and since the advent of Eve's daughter-in-law the attainment of supremacy in matters of taste has been the conscious goal of womankind.

" I dare say you are right," she answered, slowly, " and honesty is not sufficiently becoming to rank as a woman's virtue. But—I think I will be execrable. Come along, Impulse !" and she started down the road.

Worldly Wisdom has French shoulders. She shrugged them ever so slightly.

II

Out on the highway of life a Cynic, strolling along in quest of the follies of mankind, was overtaken by an Idealist ; such, at least, they professed themselves, such the eyes of the one and the mouth of the other declared them to be. And since for the time their ways lay in the same direction, they journeyed on together, talking of the world about them, and of the people they passed.

Now, about the neck of the Idealist there hung a chain all of gems, and many people looked at it as it swung back and forth in the sunlight. The Cynic glanced often at the stones before he spoke.

" The imitation is most excellent," he said. " For of course you will admit to me that they are paste ?"

The Idealist smiled. " They are my whole fortune," she answered.

" Might I suggest," deprecated the Cynic, " that your fortune must be less or your unwisdom greater than one would have supposed ?"

" But surely," replied the Idealist, " if the gems are worth owning at all they are worth enjoying. And how can I enjoy them if I do not take them with me ?"

"Yet I perceive that here and there a stone is chipped," said the Cynic, looking at the chain more closely. "Here is one cracked clean through. And there one is missing altogether."

The Idealist sighed. "I know——such things will happen. The wear and tear of the journey will tell even on jewels; and a friend took the one that is gone. But——after all, many are left, and the chain is still beautiful."

The Cynic shook his head. "Taste does as well," he answered, "and it costs little to lose a whole chain."

"Did you always think so?" asked the Idealist.

He stiffened at once. "Of course we all learn by experience," he replied, coldly. "Most people try wearing the real stones for a while——but it does not pay. One day a beggar asked an alms. He had nothing better to do than bother with jewels; and so——" he waved his hand. "And now," he resumed, "I carry nothing of more value than this little box."

The Idealist gazed curiously at the little brown heart-shaped casket on the Cynic's outstretched palm. She opened her lips to speak——but then a most strange thing happened. Amid the throng on the highway a Woman with eyes like the sea brushed against the Cynic. He looked up, stumbled, and let the box drop from his hand.

"Oh!" cried the Idealist, "Oh!——" and she could say no more. For with the jar of the fall the clasp had loosened, and from the little brown heart-shaped box there fell upon the highwayside gems of such beauty, such clearness, such radiance, that the Idealist covered her eyes, and could find no words.

However, that made no difference to the Cynic. He was down on his knees in the dust, crowding his treasure back into its hiding-place.

III

"Show me the sun!" he said.

"Look up," they bade him, and he did look up. But there was only a formless golden glory, and it hurt his eyes.

Then he cried out against the men who had tricked him, and the glory which had no form. But one passing by put into his hand a bit of smoked glass, and bade him try again. And looking up through this glass he saw the sun, as a red ball in a dark sky.

"Ah, God he praised!" he cried. "I see clearly at last!"



Sonnet

No leaf-bound note of summer's vesper sigh,
Has led so softly wand'ring ocean's call
Unto the shrine of tone ; as thou hast led
Me, shepherdess, unto a great love's birth.
Ah ! grant that swift as clouds in homage fly
Unto the west when far the shadows fall,
So may I, when the garish light has fled,
Send love to thee with all my hopes of earth.

So may it be that in a distant day,
When surge and harp-born leaves breathe but one air
Of beauty in the sweetest hallowed hour,
That homage, bound in love, shall never stray,
But in the west shall make its only care,
The guarding of thy sweetest love-built bower.

A. R. Allan

Part of an Indian Tale

* * And Damayanti, the slender-waisted, now entered there the assembly of the Gods and Princes, where they sat in more than earthly splendor. Ah ! beautiful as the night flushed with the early dawn, she stood, in sweet bewilderment, not knowing whither to cast her eyes for the very radiance of the assemblage ; nor anywhere could she distinguish her lover, Prince Holla, in the midst of that blazing multitude. Then, with tears in her soft eyes, she cried out to the Great Gods : “ O, ye who protect the lowly earth and are lords of high heaven, Oh ! Agni, Indra, and ye others, if aught my faithful worship at your altars profiteth, assume your heavenly shapes and lead me to my lover. For that another man than him I will not have to husband ; him have I chosen from all the Princes and Gods of India ; and to him doth my love cling ; therefore, Great Spirits of Heaven assume your godhead once more that I may distinguish my Prince in this bewildering throng. O, my Lords, have I not often woven sweet-smelling wreaths with which to deck your shrines, I and my maiden’s in my father’s palace ? Have I not been holy and true to you ? Then if I owe you naught by way of service, arise ye now, show my lover, sweet Holla, to mine eyes.”

And the Gods who heard her speaking in this wise, much pleased at her faithfulness, once more assumed their godhead, rising above the earth, crowned with garlands of unfading loveliness, scattering ambrosial fragrance over the earth. All untouched of earthly dust and grime were they, blinding to the eyes, like a rainbow. The sweat of earthly toil fell from them and they were bathed in the bright dew of immortality.

And then Holla stood revealed, the garlands drooping on his brow, the dust and sweat of earthliness clinging to him.

But she, faithful even in the face of the divine radiance, went to Holla, saying: "For I am thine, my Lord and Prince and none other shall I choose but thee to husband, whether a God or King of Earth."

And thus, too, it was done.





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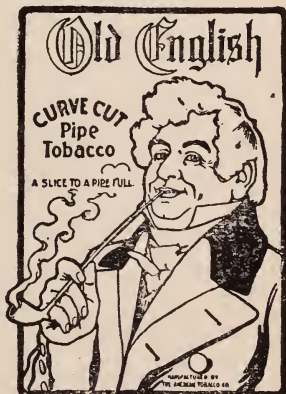
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The point of contact between the college and the university is the senior year of the college, during which year students in the college pursue their studies, with the consent of the college faculty, under one or more of the faculties of the university.

Barnard College, a college for women, is financially a separate corporation; but, educationally, is a part of the system of Columbia University.

Teachers College, a professional school for teachers, is also, financially, a separate corporation; and also, educationally, a part of the system of Columbia University.

Each college and school is under the charge of its own faculty, except that the Schools of Mines, Chemistry, Engineering and Architecture are all under the charge of the Faculty of Applied Science.

For the care and advancement of the general interests of the university educational system, as a whole, a council has been established, which is representative of all the corporations concerned.

I. THE COLLEGES

Columbia College offers for men a course of four years, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Candidates for admission to the college must be at least fifteen years of age, and pass an examination on prescribed subjects, the particulars concerning which may be found in the Annual Circular of Information.

Barnard College, founded in 1889, offers for women a course of four years, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Candidates for admission to the college must be at least fifteen years of age, and pass an examination on prescribed subjects, the particulars concerning which may be found in the Annual Circular of Information.

II. THE UNIVERSITY

In a technical sense, the Faculties of Law, Medicine, Philosophy, Political Science, Pure Science, and Applied Science, taken together constitute the university. These faculties offer advanced courses of study and investigation, respectively, in (a) Private or Municipal Law, (b) Medicine, (c) Philosophy, Philology and Letters, (d) History, Economics and Public Law, (e) Mathematics and Natural Science, and (f) Applied Science. Courses of study under all of these faculties are open to members of the senior class in Columbia College. Certain courses under the non-professional faculties are open to women who have taken the first degree. These courses lead, through the Bachelor's degree, to the university degrees of Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy. The degree of Master of Laws is also conferred for advanced work in law done under the Faculties of Law and Political Science together.

III. THE PROFESSIONAL SCHOOLS

The Faculties of Law, Medicine and Applied Science, conduct respectively the

professional schools of Law, Medicine, and Mines, Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, to which students are admitted as candidates for professional degrees on terms prescribed by the faculties concerned. The faculty of Teachers College conducts professional courses for teachers, that lead to a diploma of the university.

1. The School of Law, established in 1858, offers a course of three years, in the principles and practice of private and public law, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

2. The College of Physicians and Surgeons, founded in 1807, offers a course of four years in the principles and practice of medicine and surgery, leading to the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

3. The School of Mines, established in 1864, offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to a professional degree in mining engineering and in metallurgy.

4. The Schools of Chemistry, Engineering, and Architecture, set off from the School of Mines in 1896, offer respectively, courses of study, each of four years, leading to an appropriate professional degree, in analytical and applied chemistry; in civil, sanitary, electrical, and mechanical engineering; and in architecture.

5. Teachers College, founded in 1888 and chartered in 1889, was included in the university in 1898. It offers courses of study, each of four years, leading to a diploma, for secondary, elementary, and kindergarten teachers. It also offers courses of two years, leading to a departmental diploma in Art, Domestic Science, Domestic Art and Manual Training. Certain of its courses are accepted by Columbia University, and may be taken, without extra charge, by students of the university in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Master of Arts and Doctor of Philosophy.

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